

The World
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FACTS IN THE TINA WEISS CASE.

There are certain salient facts about the present status of the Tina Weiss case which both the public and Mr. Gerny's Society should bear in mind.

1. The record of the parents is good. This has been definitely proven by actual investigation of their past and by inquiry of their friends, neighbors and acquaintances.

2. Mr. Gerny's Society has deliberately misrepresented this record, and adheres to this misrepresentation in the face of evidence which would convince any unprejudiced observer.

Unless the child is promptly restored to her natural guardians the rising tide of public indignation will reach a point dangerous for those who stand between the poor and oppressed and their rights.

And this tide will sweep the Evening World's amendment through the Legislature.

DO NOT TAINT A CHARITY.

The tender of a gift of \$1,000 by the Broad way Railroad Company has been followed by an offer of \$500 from the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company for the Police Pension Fund.

The true friends of this noble charity will earnestly protest against tainting it with the money of corporations offered, as the public can scarcely help believing, in payment for the services of the city's servants during a strike.

The police are not the special servants of the street railroad companies. They are not hired by and ought not to be paid by them. They are the city's servants, the guardians of the peace and prosperity of the public. In this public whom the police serve the street railroad drivers and conductors are an important element. Send back these checks. Do not taint a noble charity!

If money is needed for the Police Pension Fund, open subscription lists and give the public a chance!

If you want to relieve the diseases of teething without risk, give MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.

WORLDLINGS.

W. Von der Western, a Baltimore sportsman, has a collection of deer horns that are valued at \$10,000. The finest specimen is from a black-tailed deer killed in Colorado. It has fifteen prongs.

Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, paid a visit of several hours to the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., the other day. She tasted the soup prepared for the convicts, bit into a big chunk of bread and showed herself deeply interested in what she saw during her brief stay behind the bars.

An employee of a San Francisco brewery recently carried a keg filled with beer on his shoulder for a distance of six miles and one-half in one hour and fifty-nine minutes. The keg, with its contents, weighed 107 pounds, and the novel feat was performed as the result of a wager.

A new locomotive built at the shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is an enormous structure, having a height of 14 feet 8 inches, and a total length of nearly fifty feet. It weighs 107,700 pounds. The engine will be used to pull the limited vestibule train between Baltimore and Chicago.

Tammany in the Twelfth.

In the Twelfth Assembly District, the Tammany Association now has permanent headquarters at the old Eleventh Ward Bank, 100 and 108 Avenue C. The officers: President, George Mundorf; First Vice-President, Louis Munch; Second Vice-President, Thomas Burke; Recording Secretary, John W. Winder; Financial Secretary, John H. Conway; Corresponding Secretary, David Rosenwald; Treasurer, Joseph Demoluch; Sergeant-at-Arms, Richard A. O'Brien; Trustees, David Hanly, Moses Wills, Leonard A. Giegerich, John Canavan, Terrence Brady, William Quigg, Thomas J. Doran.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pilewort, Juniper Berries and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

MCCARTHY AFTER MURPHY.

THIS OFFER OUGHT TO BRING A FEATHER-WEIGHT BATTLE.

Daily Has Changed His Mind About Posing Billiard Scholar for the West Welcomes His Young Brother—The El Paso Fighting Grounds for Sullivan and Kilrain—General Sporting Notes.

Cal McCarthy, the champion feather-weight pugilist, has made an offer to Johnny Murphy, of Boston, and hopes that Murphy will agree to accept. Cal says he will go to Boston and fight Murphy provided Murphy will give him \$500 when he enters the ring, or, he says, if Murphy will come here he will fight him to a finish with skin-gloves for \$500 a side, and will guarantee a purse of \$1,000 besides.

Maricce Daly has changed his mind regarding Jake Schaefer's challenge to play a match game of billiards, and says he will play Schaefer if Jake will come to this city for the game. Schaefer says he will come here and give Daly 1,000 points in 3,000 at the 14-inch ball-line game. It looks as if a match might be arranged soon.

The Weir, the Belfast Spider, came to town from Boston yesterday to meet a young brother who arrived here from Belfast, Ireland. The two young men went to Boston last night. Ike is looking in fine shape, and said he was open to fight any man on earth at 120 pounds, or compete in about a dozen

other things. His brother is only sixteen years old, but Ike says he is a fighter, too. He is a well-built lad, and under the Spider's training thinks he can do up a few fellows at 114 pounds.

Richard K. Fox has received a letter from Harry Maynard, the Western sportsman, dated at El Paso, Tex., in which Mr. Maynard says he has investigated the place proposed by the El Paso men for the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain and finds that it would be a splendid place in which to bring off the fight. The El Paso gentlemen offer to add \$12,000 to the stakes already up if the men will consent to fight in their amphitheatre, which was erected for bull fights and is on neutral ground near El Paso. Mr. Maynard says he has interviewed the Sheriff and other authorities there and received the assurance that there will be no interference with the fight.

The first annual games of the Twenty-second Regiment Athletic Association will be held tonight in the armory of the regiment. A feature of the games will be a match race between Tommy Connel and E. D. Lange, the Manhattan Athletic Club's athletes. Connel will try to run three-quarters of a mile while Lange walks half a mile.

August Moran, the reserve second baseman for the New Yorks last year, has an offer for this season from Mr. Burnham, of the Worcester Club.

Entries for the open handicap cross-country run of the Pastime Athletic Club, Feb. 22, close today with H. Dime, Sixty-sixth street and East River. The Club will award five prizes to the five men home first.

The members of the Gramercy Athletic Club have elected the following officers for 1889: President, J. H. O'Brien, Recording Secretary, W. H. Keogh, Financial Secretary, J. J. Cook, Treasurer.

The Prospect Harriers, of Brooklyn, give a scaled handicap cross-country run this afternoon. The start will be made at 5 o'clock from the Manhattan Club-house, Sixty-sixth street and Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn.

The National Cross-Country Association's run, which was to have taken place to-day, has been postponed until March.

An Expression of Sympathy.

Having read your daily accounts of Tina Weiss I must explain the sympathy that I feel for her mother. I consider it a torture to her to be thus deprived of her child. Were the United States a barbarous country such things might be expected, but in a civilized country it is outrageous. Your amendment should be passed so that this evil shall be abated.

Annual hall of the Kramer and Sommerfeld Association, Harmonie Rooms, March 24. Masquerade of the Bloomingdale Eintracht, Monday, Feb. 18, at Germania Assembly Rooms, 291, 293 Bovey.

Unpleasant Associations.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

Winks—Rev. Mr. De Goode will be at my house to tea. Come around. You know him, don't you?
Jinks—Pardon me, but I do not care to meet Mr. De Goode. He officiated at two of the saddest events in my life.

"Yes. He buried my first wife and married me to my second."

In Dreamland.

"I had a dream that was not all a dream last night."
"What was it?"
"It seemed to me that I was in the lower regions."
"And why wasn't it all a dream?"
"I came home from the banquet and slept in the cellar."

For the Parnell Fund.

Rev. John J. Keen, rector of St. James Church; ex-Senator Thomas C. E. Ecclesine, Henry Braun and M. Fennelly will speak at a public meeting, to be held in the school hall of St. James Church, in James street, on Sunday evening, for the purpose of aiding the Parnell Defense Fund.

SOMETHING TO PONDER OVER.



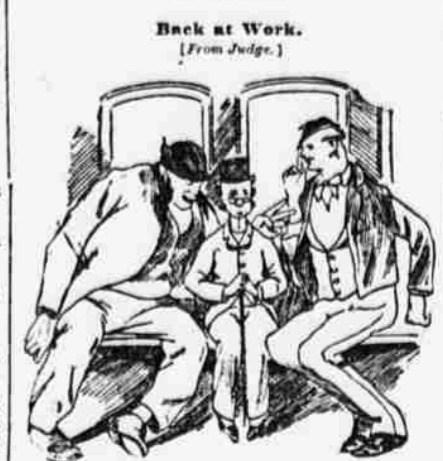
Mrs. R., sending us the above picture of herself and child, both of whom represent perfect health, says: "I have been healthy and vigorous children, let them first of all see to their own physical condition. It was at one time weak and nervous, exhausted alike in nerve and physical powers, always tired, and suffering untold misery from disease peculiar to my sex. Healthy children were an absolute impossibility, but by the aid of a most wonderful remedy, which I believe the best medicine ever discovered for weak, nervous, sick and exhausted womanhood, I have been completely restored to health and strength, and have, as you can see by the picture, the healthiest, plumpest and best of babies. This marvelous remedy and friend of women is Dr. Greene's Nervura, and if any wish to be strong and healthy, and have beautiful and vigorous children, they will fail to use this wonder among medicines."

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the greatest medical discovery made during this century, is purely vegetable and harmless, and is the best nerve invigorator and strength restorer in the world. It is for sale at every drug store for \$1 per bottle. We would say, also, that Dr. Greene, who has a world-wide reputation as the most successful specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted at his office, 35 West Fourth street, New York, absolutely free of charge, personally or by letter.

Coming Events.

Annual hall of the Kramer and Sommerfeld Association, Harmonie Rooms, March 24. Masquerade of the Bloomingdale Eintracht, Monday, Feb. 18, at Germania Assembly Rooms, 291, 293 Bovey.

THE FUNNY MEN AT WORK.



Rev. Mr. Huckins (of the Convicts' Aid Society, who has gone to Sing Sing to receive two discharged prisoners—Aren't you glad to get out again?)
One of the Pair—Believe your wife is. You snake his watch, Cooley! I'll grab der stund.

In Redeeming Future.
(From the Sun.)
There is one good thing about the magazine diabolism. There is a law in the universe that obliges a man to read it.

Anguish for Wannamaker.
(From the Sun.)
John Wannamaker may secure a Cabinet position; but the iron will enter his soul every time he remembers that Mrs. Harrison did her shopping in New York.

An Escaped Lunatic.
(From the Sun.)
A Kentucky gentleman awoke one night to find a masked burglar, with a loaded pistol, standing at his bedside.

"I want money or your life."
"Idiot! Do you suppose I'd be here if I had money? Don't you know I'd be at the County Jail, dreaming of my money if I had it?"
"Go back to the asylum!"

Plenty of Notice.

Mrs. Winks—The paper says a cold wave has developed in Montana, and is expected here within a week.
Mr. Winks—Well, send word to the plumber that our pipes have burst, and then he and the cold wave will get here about the same time.

A Very Telling Incident.

There is a disposition on the part of a few meddlers to magnify the little incident which occurred at the Post-Office last Tuesday evening. Last week we referred to Col. Crocker as a thief. We were wrong. He was arrested in Illinois for arson and jumped his bail. He met

us in the Post-Office and knocked us down. While down he explained that we were in error, and he apologized and helped us to the door. Our clothes. That's all there was to it. The trifling incidents of every-day life—and that class who are seeking to exaggerate the facts of a petty quarrel into a scandalous episode—every time. There is no reason why an editor should also be a gentleman.

The Malign Service.
(From the Chicago Herald.)
Chicago Coal Man—Go up the street and look at the weather signal.
Office Boy—Just say it as I came back from bank. Fair and milder weather.
Zard. That means a cold wave and blizzard. Well mark up prices half a dollar all round."

The Boston Dog.
(From the Boston Transcript.)
The benevolent society fails to give concern for the benefit of the "starving dogs of Boston." One would hardly expect a society to have much of an ear for music, but we should remember these are Bostonese dogs.

No Danger in This Country.
(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)
Dr. Schult, of Vienna, urges the people to drink beer out of mugs and not out of glasses. "If a glassful of beer is left standing in the sun, in four or five minutes the beer will be so infected with bacteria that it is dangerous to drink it. In a covered glass it may be left in the sun without injury." This advice may be useful in Vienna, but over here nobody leaves a glass of beer in a covered glass for five minutes. If the sun gets a chance at the Milwaukee beer, it must find its way down his neck.

THE GENUINE
Johann Hoff's Malt Extract,
THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIC
FOR
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nursing Mothers, the Weak and Debilitated.

I have used Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the past five years in my private practice, and have found it to be the best health-restoring beverage I have ever used. I have found it especially good for persons convalescing from fever, in cases of dyspepsia, for mothers nursing, and in cases of weakly children, and also in lung troubles. My attention was drawn by the immense importation semi-monthly, and about a million of bottles imported by you have passed my eyes. I have a custom-house certificate for the same.

Yours respectfully,
W. W. LAMB, M.D.,
Chief Drug Inspector,
U. S. Port Philadelphia.
The "Genuine" is the only one. Beware of imitations. The "Genuine" only. Beware of the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ EISENER" on the neck of every bottle.
Johann Hoff, Berlin, Paris, Vienna.
EISENER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents,
6 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

A SERVANT OF SATAN.

Romantic Career of "PRADO," the Assassin.

From Notes Communicated to a Friend on the Eve of His Execution.

An Extraordinary Record of Crime in Many Lands—He Was Reared in a Royal Palace.

THE GREAT RIDDLE WHICH THE FRENCH POLICE WERE UNABLE TO SOLVE.

By LOUIS BERARD.

(Copyright, 1889.)

PROLOGUE.

It was at Madrid, in the month of April, 1880, that I first made the acquaintance of the extraordinary man who under the pseudonym of "Prado" met his fate beneath the Paris guillotine in December last. I had just driven back into town from witnessing the execution by the "garrote" of the regicide Francisco Otero, and was in the act of stepping from my brougham when suddenly the crowd assembled on the Puerto del Sol parted as if by magic to give place to a runaway carriage. I had barely time to note the frantic efforts of the coachman to stop the onward course of the frightened horses when there was a terrible crash, and the Victoria was shattered to splinters against one of the heavy posts on the square. The coachman, still clutching hold of the reins, was torn from the box and dragged some hundred yards further along the ground before the horses were stopped and he could be induced to release his hold of the ribbons. To the surprise of all the spectators he escaped with a few bruises. His master, however—the only other occupant of the carriage—was less fortunate. Hurling by the shock with considerable violence on to the pavement, almost at my very feet, he remained unconscious for some minutes. When at length he recovered his senses and attempted to rise with my assistance it was found that he had broken his ankle and was unable to stand upright. Placing him in my trap I drove him to the address which he gave me—a house in the Calle del Barquillo—and on our arrival there assisted the doctor porter and some of the other servants to carry him upstairs to a very handsome suite of apartments on the second floor. On taking my departure he overwhelmed me with thanks for what he was pleased to call my kindness and entreated me to do him the favor of calling, handing me at the same time a card bearing the name of Comte Sinske de Castillon.

A couple of days later, happening to be in the neighborhood of the Calle del Barquillo, I dropped in to see how he was getting on. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and so interesting was his conversation that it was quite dark before I left the house. It turned out that he, too, had been present at the execution of the wretched Otero, and that he was on his way home when his horses became frightened and bolted. After discussing all the horrible details of the death of the regicide, the conversation took the direction of capital punishment in foreign countries, a theme about which he displayed the most wonderful knowledge.

From the graphic manner in which he described the strange tortures and cruel methods of punishment practiced at the courts of the native princes in India and in China, it was evident that he was speaking of scenes which he had witnessed, and not from mere hearsay. He seemed equally well acquainted with the terrors of lynch law in the frontier Territories of the United States and with the military executions of spies and deserters in warfare. In short, it became clear to me that he was a great traveler,

and that he was as perfectly acquainted with America and Asia as he was with the lands out of almost every capital in Europe. His French, his Spanish, his German and his English were all equally without a trace of foreign accent. His manners were perfect and displayed unmistakable signs of birth and breeding. Although not above the ordinary stature, he was a man of very compact and muscular build. Dressed in the most perfect and quiet taste his appearance, without being foppish, was one of great chic and elegance. No trace of jewelry was to be seen about his person. His hands and feet were small and well shaped; his mustache was black, as were also his large and luminous eyes. His hair, slightly gray towards the temples, showed traces of age—or, perhaps, of a hard life. But the most remarkable thing about him was his smile, which seemed to light up his whole face and which was singularly winning and frank. I confess I took a great fancy to the man, who at the time was exceedingly popular in Madrid society. He was to be seen in many of the most exclusive salons, was present at nearly all the Ministerial and diplomatic receptions and apparently enjoyed universal consideration. Our intimate continued for about a couple of years, during the course of which I had the opportunity of rendering him one or two more slight services. Towards the end of 1882 I was obliged to leave Madrid rather suddenly, being summoned to Torquay by the dangerous illness of my mother, who is an English woman, and I did not return to Spain until several years later. When I found that Comte Sinske de Castillon had meanwhile gone under a financial sentence—and had disappeared from the surface.

It is unnecessary to describe here the horror and consternation with which I learned that "Prado," the man charged with numerous robberies and with the murder of the domineering Marie Agnes, was no other than my former friend, Comte Sinske de Castillon. Of course, I made a point of attending the trial. I confess, however, that I had some difficulty in recognizing in the rather unpossessing individual in the prisoner's dock the once elegant creature whom I had known at Madrid. His features had become somewhat bloated and coarse, as if by hard living, his dress was careless and untidy, his hair gray and his eyes heavy. It was only on the rare occasions when he smiled that his face resumed traces of its former appearance. Day after day I sat in court and listened to the evidence against him. The impression which the latter left on my mind was that, however guilty he undoubtedly had been of other crimes—possibly even of murder—he was, nevertheless, innocent of the death of Marie Agnes, the charge on which he was executed. The crime was too brutal and too coarse in its method to have been perpetrated by his hand. Moreover, the evidence against him in the matter was not direct, but only circumstantial. Neither the jewelry nor the bonds which he was alleged to have stolen from the murdered woman have ever been discovered. Neither has the weapon with which the deed was committed been found, and the only evidence against him was that of two women, both of loose morals, and both of whom considered themselves to have been betrayed by him. The one, Eugenie Forrester, a well-known femme galante, saw in the trial a means of advertising her charms, which she has succeeded in doing in a most profitable manner. The other, Mariette Courouneau, the mother

of his child, had fallen in love with a young German and was under promise to marry him as soon as ever the trial was completed, and "Prado's" head had rolled into the basket of "Monsieur de Paris."

Shortly after the sentence had been pro-

nounced upon the man whom I had known as "Comte Sinske de Castillon" I visited him in his prison, and subsequently at his request called several times again to see him. He seemed very calm and collected. Dread apparently had no terrors for him, and on one occasion he recalled the curious coincidence that our first meeting had been on our way home from the execution of the regicide Otero. The only thing which he seemed to dread was that his aged father—his one and solitary affection in the world—should learn of his disgrace. In answer to my repeated inquiries as to who his father was he invariably put me off with a smile, exclaiming, "Dormez, dormez!" (to-morrow). He appeared, however, to be filled with the most intense bitterness against the other members of his family, step-mother, half-brothers and sisters, who, he declared, had been the first cause of his estrangement from his father and of his own ruin.

Although condemned criminals are never informed of the date of their execution until a couple of hours before they are actually led to the scaffold, yet "Prado," or "Castillon," appeared to have an intuition of the imminence of his death. For two days before it took place, when I was about to take leave, after paying him one of my customary visits, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I may not see you again. It is possible that this may be our last interview. You are the only one of my former friends who has shown me the slightest kindness or sympathy in my trouble. It would be useless to thank you. I am perfectly aware that my whole record must appear repulsive to you, and that your conduct towards me has been prompted by pity more than by any other sentiment. Were you, however, to know my true story you would pity me even more. The statements which I made to M. Guillot, the Judge d'Instruction who examined me, were merely invented on the spur of the moment, for the purpose of showing him that my powers of imagination were, at any rate, as brilliant as his own. No one, not even my lawyer, knows my real name or history. You will

find both in this sealed packet. It contains notes which I have jotted down while in prison, concerning my past career.

As he said this he placed a bulky parcel in my hand.

"I want you, however," he continued, "to

promise me two things. The first is that you will not open the outer covering thereof until after my execution; the second, that you will make no mention or reference to the name inscribed on the inner envelope until you see the death of its possessor announced in the newspapers. It is the name of my poor old father. He is in failing health and can scarcely live much longer. When he passes away you are at liberty to break the seals and to use the information contained therein in any form you may think proper. The only object I have in now concealing my identity is to spare the old gentleman any unnecessary sorrow and disgrace."

One word more before finally introducing the real Prado to the world. However great my desire to accede to the last wish of my former friend, I cannot bring myself to disclose to the general public the real name of the unfortunate family to which he belonged. There are too many innocent members thereof who would be irretrievably injured by its disclosure.

But the pseudonym which I have employed is so transparent, and the history of the great house in question so well known, that all who have any acquaintance of the inner ring of European society will have no difficulty in recognizing its identity.

LOUIS BERARD.

CHAPTER I.

Count Frederick von Waldberg, who was tried and guillotined at Paris under the name of Prado, was born at Berlin in 1840 and was named after King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who, together with Queen Elizabeth, was present at his christening and acted as sponsor. This somewhat exceptional distinction was due to the fact that the child's father, Count Heinrich von Waldberg, was not only one of the favorite aides-de-camp Generals of His Majesty, but had also been a friend and companion of the monarch from his very boyhood.

Although at the time the General had not yet achieved the great reputation as a statesman which he subsequently attained, yet he was already known throughout Europe as an Ambassador of rare skill and diplomacy, and as one of the most influential personages of the Berlin Court. Married in 1847 to a Princess of the reigning house of Kipper-Deutmolde, a woman of singular beauty, little Frederick was the first

of many children which the General and his wife had.

He entered these last words rather sadly and paused for a few minutes before proceeding.

"With regard to the remainder of my family," said he at last, "I am totally indifferent about their feelings in the matter."

"One word more, my dear Berard," he continued. "I am anxious that these papers should come day or other be made known to the world. They will convince the public that at any rate I am innocent of the brutal murder for which I am about to suffer death. My crimes have been

many, but they have been committed in many different lands, and I have never hesitated to put people out of the way when I found them to be dangerous to my interests. But whatever I may have done has been accomplished with skill and delicacy. My misdeeds have been those of a man of birth, education, and breeding, whereas the crimes of Marie Agnes, as you will find out one of these days, but a more vulgar criminal, moved by the most base and ignominious motives, and of low and coarse instincts, the scum indeed of a Levantine gutter."

"And now good-bye, my dear Berard. I rely on you to respect the wishes of a man who is about to disappear into Nirwana. You see," he added with a smile, "I am something of a Buddhist."

Almost involuntarily I grasped both his hands firmly in mine. I was deeply moved. All the powers of attraction which he had formerly exercised on me at Madrid came again to the surface, and it was he who gently pushed me out of the cell in order to cut short a painful scene.

Two days later one of the most remarkable criminals of the age expired his numerous crimes on the scaffold in the square in front of the Prison de la Grande Roquette.

Late that night, when alone in my library, I broke the seals of the outer envelope of the parcel which he had confided to me. When I saw the name inscribed on the inner covering I started from my chair. It was a name of world-wide fame, one of the most brilliant in the "Almanach de Gotha," and familiar at every court. However, mindful of my promise to the dead, I locked the package away in my safe. My curiosity, however, was not put to a very severe test, for about a week later the papers of every country in Europe announced the death of the statesman and soldier whose name figured on the cover of the parcel of documents.

Without further delay I broke the seals of the inner wrapper. The whole night through and on the next day, I sat poring over the sheets of closely written manuscript—the confessions of the man who had been guillotined under the assumed name of "Prado." They revealed an astounding career of crime and adventure in almost every corner of the globe, and thoroughly impressed me with the conviction that, however innocent he may have been of the murder of Marie Agnes, yet he fully deserved the penalty which was finally meted out to him. Of scraps or of any notions of morality he had none, and so cold-blooded and repulsive is the cynicism which this servant of Satan at times displays in the notes concerning his life which he placed at my disposal, I have been forced to use considerable discretion in editing them. While careful to suppress all the facts of a disgusting nature, I have not torn down a certain Zola-like realism of expression impossible to render in print, and have shaped the disjointed memoranda and jottings into a consecutive narrative.

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Two days later one of the most remarkable criminals of the age expired his numerous crimes on the scaffold in the square in front of the Prison de la Grande Roquette.

Late that night, when alone in my library, I broke the seals of the outer envelope of the parcel which he had confided to me. When I saw the name inscribed on the inner covering I started from my chair. It was a name of world-wide fame, one of the most brilliant in the "Almanach de Gotha," and familiar at every court. However, mindful of my promise to the dead, I locked the package away in my safe. My curiosity, however, was not put to a very severe test, for about a week later the papers of every country in Europe announced the death of the statesman and soldier whose name figured on the cover of the parcel of documents.

Without further delay I broke the seals of the inner wrapper. The whole night through and on the next day, I sat poring over the sheets of closely written manuscript—the confessions of the man who had been guillotined under the assumed name of "Prado." They revealed an astounding career of crime and adventure in almost every corner of the globe, and thoroughly impressed me with the conviction that, however innocent he may have been of the murder of Marie Agnes, yet he fully deserved the penalty which was finally meted out to him. Of scraps or of any